

Saving Jimmie.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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"Paste her on the trademark, Skinny," urged the captain of the team. And Skinny, otherwise Master James Treadgear, being ever mindful of advice, "pasted" the sphere with such good effect that the ball sailed over the stone wall at the far end of the lot.

This changed jubilation into regret, for not even three scores brought in by the home run offset the fact that Skinny had knocked a fifty-cent ball over the wall into the colonel's garden.

Billy Sniffen, who had been cajoled into lending his new ball to the "big fellows," some of whom were all of twelve years of age, let out a roar at the sudden disappearance of his property.

Balls that went over the high stone barrier which surrounded the property of the peppery Colonel Moulton were regarded as good as lost. None of the boys dared brave the wrath of the retired officer in search of lost property.

Colonel Moulton would have been regarded as an ogre by mediaeval youth, for he stormed and raved at children. The smaller lads firmly believed that he liked to kill children, and when dusk had fallen they hurried past his house lest he spring out and seize them.

Now, at the disappearance of the ball, the outfielders followed the base runners up to the home plate and joined in the volley of reproach directed toward the unfortunate Skinny.

"You told me to paste her," he reminded the scowling captain. "I didn't tell you to knock her over the wall," was the scornful retort. "Poor Billy's ma'll lick him when he goes home without that ball."

This was an angle from which the unfortunate William had not hitherto viewed his loss, and it caused his grief to double.

"You better skip over the fence and get it," decreed the captain, and the gang shuddered.

Like a true despot, the captain could not be induced to alter his command, and, though he weakened perceptibly as they drew near the fatal wall, he affected a nonchalance he did not feel.



"I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT," DECLARED THE COLONEL.

and, bending over, he formed his hands into a stirrup, in which the trembling Skinny placed his foot.

With a heave the boy shot up until his fingers grasped the wall, but he could not hold and came tumbling back, carrying the captain to the ground with him.

"I can't do it," pleaded Skinny, but the captain was adamant.

"You gotter," he insisted, made heartless by a skinned elbow. "Get up there or we'll throw you over."

The threat had its due effect. Skinny clung shivering to the top of the wall for a moment; then he tumbled over on the other side, and in a moment the air was pierced by shrieks of agony so shrill and terrifying that the gang fled incontinently toward the street, with the doughty captain well in the lead.

As they reached the sidewalk and turned to reconnoiter Skinny's sister Lucy came down the street and paused to regard the boys inquiringly.

"Where is Jimmie?" she demanded of the captain.

The captain hung his head. "That's him," he confessed, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the spot whence Jimmie's screams still proceeded.

"We boosted Jimmie over the wall to get a ball he lost, and I guess the colonel's killing him."

"Is a physician needed?" asked Lucy, with sinking heart. It was worse than she had feared. The savage old colonel must have carried his punishment for

trespass to an excess that had resulted in serious injury.

"Some of you boys run for a doctor, quick," commanded the young man sharply. "The little fellow has a broken leg."

The entire gang raced up the street after the physician, and Lucy was left alone with the stranger.

"May I come in?" she demanded coldly. "It is my brother whom you have injured."

"You will be most welcome," was the courteous reply. "My father's household does not include any women, and I was somewhat at a loss to make him comfortable. I am Lieutenant Paul Moulton," he added by way of introduction. "My father is Colonel Moulton, and I am visiting him on leave."

"I am Lucy Treadgear," announced Lucy in response. "It is my brother, James, whom you have injured."

Moulton stepped aside to permit her to enter, and after closing the gate he led the way into the house, where Jimmie lay on a sofa in the library with the white haired old soldier leaning over him and trying to soothe his fear.

"He seems to be more frightened than hurt," explained the colonel as he gave place to Lucy, "and a broken leg is no joke at that."

"No wonder," was the indignant response, "when it is known that you have shot at several boys. It is fortunate that you did no more than break his leg—fortunate for you, I mean," she added in explanation.

"Bless your pretty face, I had nothing to do with it," declared the colonel. "As for the shooting, a few blank cartridges and my consequent bad reputation have been the salvation of my fruit trees. This little fellow will tell you himself that neither Paul nor I was in the garden when he fell and broke his leg."

Lucy looked inquiringly at Jimmie, who nodded.

"The boys pushed me up too fast," he explained. "I went right on over. And I didn't get the ball," he added inconsequentially, "and Billy's ma'll lick him for losing it, and Don Fraser said he'd lick me if I didn't get it."

"I'll find it," volunteered the lieutenant, and he slipped out, leaving Lucy with the colonel.

"My bark is worse than my bite," explained the old colonel, with reddening face. "I had to do something to keep the boys from overrunning my garden, but I did not suppose that the grownups would take my threats seriously. I shall have to make Paul my deputy to clear my reputation."

The arrival of the physician interrupted the conversation, and presently the colonel himself tenderly carried the boy to the waiting carriage and insisted that Paul ride on the box with the driver in case he might be needed.

It was perhaps only natural that Paul should call frequently to ask after the invalid and that he should select Lucy as his first proselyte in his missionary work in behalf of his father.

"Forty years in a garrison would ruin the temper of any man," he declared, "and you cannot very well blame dad for wanting to be let alone when he had the chance. He loves gardening, and the boys were wrecking his grounds. He simply had to scare them off."

"He was very effective in his methods," agreed Lucy, "almost too much so. For a moment I supposed that he really had broken Jimmie's leg."

"I wish that I could make you realize what a splendid father he is," said Paul, with enthusiasm.

"I do not remember my father very well," said Lucy reminiscently. "He died just after Jimmie was born. I was only eight."

"Let me share mine with you," offered Paul generously. "Will you, dear?"

From a coign of vantage on the far side of the street the gang watched the wedding procession emerge from the church and set up a shout as Jimmie, resplendent in white satin coat and knickerbockers, preceded the happy couple as their page.

"Jimmie looks like a stick of candy," declared the captain contemptuously, "but he's got an all right sister. There ain't many girls that would marry a man just to save their little brother from a man like Colonel Moulton. He was just goin' to kill Jimmie when she rushed in and said if he would spare Jimmie's life she would marry the lieutenant."

love holding fast. His whole weight was hung on that button, and there was a clear 175 feet of space between him and the floor of the rock below. The moments that passed before the boom could be swung back over the bank seemed like hours to him, but he got there at last safe and sound.—London Mail.

THE CHARM OF ISLANDS.

What is Missed by Those Who Live Far From the Sea.

No men of the world are so to be pitied, I think, as those who dwell far from the sea. They shall never know but a piece of life. A plain, to be sure, is very well. It responds delicately enough to the humor of the seasons, changing from green to gold, from gold to dun, from dun to white. It has, too, its moods, its laughers, its melancholies, its rushings of the wind, its illimitability of the dark. A hill, though, is better—that is, a hill that looks across a plain, never one that is huddled among its fellows, for there one is caught like a beetle in a cup. A hill gives one a sense of freedom and a perspective upon the world. It is something to look down on the parquetry of field and town and wood and stream, to keep vigil upon the drama woven invisibly below one's eyes. And it has moments—a hill; certain nights of stars, certain bursts of storm, certain iridescent afternoons, when the whole tragedy of autumn is unrolled at one's feet.

But above all else in the world give me an island! There is your true microcosmos! There you hold in your hand, as it were, the essence and epitome of the universe. Your own earth spreads under your feet. Your own sky hangs over your head. Your own sea encircles you. Your own portion of life is meted out to you day by day, distinct from that of other men. For not the least charm of an island is its privacy. An islet, of course, I mean—one from which you may catch the glint of water on every side. Otherwise your island is no better than a pasture. Whether you be a hermit or whether you have a book of verses underneath the bough—and the requisite concomitants—or whatever be your personal circumstances, you are yet divided from a hostile or indifferent world. You are at liberty to feel and to test your own personality. You are not overborne by the rush of humanity which is the burden of terra firma.—Scribner's Magazine.

A CASTELLANE PIRATE.

Took Sultan's Library and Demanded Ransom For Its Return.

In 1611 Jean Philipp de Castellane was commander of the French man-of-war Notre Dame de la Garde. Henry IV. sent him to Morocco to demand of the sultan the release of certain French prisoners. De Castellane carried his negotiations to a successful conclusion, and the sultan as a peace offering sent to the French commander twenty Arabian horses for the king. "Just as the Notre Dame was about to weigh anchor the pretender to the Moroccan throne gained a decisive victory, and the sultan decided to flee for his life. He engaged passage for himself and harem on a Dutch merchantman, and to De Castellane he entrusted his library, one of the most extensive collections of Arabic manuscripts and books in existence. The great Mulay Ahmed was the founder of the library.

"Arriving at the place of rendezvous, Commander de Castellane sent word to the sultan that he could have his library for 3,000 ducats, the price of transportation.

"The sultan protested that he had made no such agreement and that besides he did not have the money to pay the demand, whereupon De Castellane sailed away.

"He had not gone very far when a great storm overtook the Notre Dame and drove her, a wreck, upon the African coast at Casablanca, then occupied by the king of Spain, who was at war with Morocco. The Spaniards seized the library and shipped it to Spain, where it was placed in a wing of the Escorial. What remains of the library can be seen today in an alcove labeled the Arabian collection.—Florence (Italy) Journal.

Shiraz, Xeres and Sherry. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's knowledge of Spain and of Persia is shown in the following paragraph taken from his "Rambling Recollections."

"In Persia no wine is manufactured for sale except at Shiraz. When Persia was invaded by the Arabs they took back with them to Morocco the grapes of the district. In Spain they wished to naturalize the new fruit, and this they did at a place called Xeres. Intended for Shiraz, there being no sound equivalent to 'sh' in Spanish. There they cultivated the grape and made wine, which now returns to Europe as 'sherry,' that word being a paraphrase of Shiraz. Shiraz wine is very similar in taste to sherry."

Juvenile Logic. Marie is a very bright kindergarten pupil. She came home to her parents the other day and told them that the kindergarten teacher had said she will grow up to be a very nice looking young lady if she is a good girl, but will grow up to be a very ugly woman if she is a naughty girl. "Is that true, mamma?" asked Marie, and she was informed that if the teacher said so it was true. Marie then sat still for a while, pondering seriously. "But, mamma," she suddenly burst forth again, "why was the kindergarten teacher so naughty when she was a little girl?"—Philadelphia Record.

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